

# MY ALPHA BOYFRIEND

by whorewolf

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Summary: Derek is madly in love with Stiles but he doesn't seem to reciprocate thoroughly just yet. Stiles may be bisexual, but he's not totally gay.

## 1. Chapter 1

Derek woke up with beads of sweat on his face and body.

Glancing on the skinny brunette beside him, he noticed his partner was still in a deep sleep. Derek was still topless although nothing happened last night. The two of them were supposed to make love but Stiles came thoroughly spent from lacrosse practice.

"Stiles?" he coughed, his throat still dry from sleep.

Derek waited. No reaction. Stiles was still sleeping.

"Babe?" he moved closer and bit his lip for he's really thirsty for the sleeping beauty.

Stiles did not even stir.

"STILINSKI!"

"I'M AWAKE! I'M AWAKE!" he stood up fast and finally caught sight on Derek, "Oh, it's just you. I thought.."

"Just me?" Derek frowned.

"N-no, NO. Not like that, Derek." waving his hands in and out to signal 'NO', "I just thoughtâ€¦wait what time is it?"

"It's almost 6 in the morning." Derek sat up straight, hands on his bed supporting his weight, giving Stiles a look, his sexy look, obviously trying to seduce his partner.

"Oh my Gooooo!" Stiles put his palm on his face, "I gotta help Scott!"

Stiles ran to the door but Derek pulled him to his chest, hugging him. Derek sniffed his hair down the nape of his neck, his left hand finding its way through Stiles' shirt. Stiles gulped.

"You're not leaving me, are you?" Derek traced Stiles' ear with his lips.

"Derek, honey," he managed to escape the werewolf's arms and sighed, "You don't understand, Scott needs me right now."

"I need you right now." the werewolf said emphasizing the 'I' but without much expression on his face. Stiles knows Derek meant it. He's feeling the intimacy in the air and it's making him want to stay.

"You don't under-."

"Scott or Me?" Derek said with an eyebrow up.

"Come on, Babe! We're not doing this right now!" he turned to the door, ready to go, and waved goodbye, "Talk to me later when you're feeling a little less thirsty for me."

Derek growled and it gave Stiles goose bumps.

"I'm asking you a question, Scott or Me?!" Derek was turning into a grumpy cat.

"Okay! Okay! Okay!" Stiles went closer, "I'm not going, fine! Just don't ask me that stupid question again. It's like making me choose from Lydia and Malia, it's freaking hard! You know Scott is my best friend and you're, you're, well you're my.."

"Your what?!" Derek wrinkled his nose and moved closer to Stiles, staring right into his eyes.

"My Alpha..."

Derek's frown was gone, but still, the werewolf was waiting for a complete answer.

"My Alpha Lover, My Alpha Boyfriend!" Stiles turned away, he didn't want Derek to see his cheeks turn red as an apple, "Ya happy?!"

"Yeah." Derek smiled, which was unusual. His bunny teeth were Stiles'. His smile was only for Stiles Stilinski. "So Stiles, do you love me yet? Are my feelings reciprocated?"

Stiles' heart beat faster. He didn't know what to say.

"Or are you still into that werecoyote? or the banshee?"

"May I remind you that that werecoyote is your cousin and that banshee was my crush since 3rd grade."

Derek looked down and laid back to his bed, his arm up his forehead.  
"Go to Scott. You can go now."

Stiles felt remorseful for what he said. His partner easily gets jealous all the time, especially with Lydia and Malia. He can't help it; Derek feels that Stiles still has a thing for girls.

"It's not my fault you like me okay! I didn't want you to like me, Derek. I didn't know you were, you were..."

"Gay for you?" Derek said, still staring at the ceiling.

"Y-yeah."

"Me neither."

"Well," Stiles gulped and sat beside Derek, "You are such a guy, you know? You're so tough and muscular and, and you're such a guy. Who would've thought that?"

"That I'd like you?" Derek sat up and looked at Stiles.

"Yeah."

"Speaking of which..."

Derek pulled Stiles by his chin and gave him a long slow kiss.

"Let me help you, Stiles. Let me help you figure out what you truly feel about me. Make love with me for the last time."

"Are you sure you-."

"Yes, I want this. And if this doesn't work, if you still don't reciprocate my feelings after this, I'll leave you. I'll forget about this, even though it's impossible, I'll do it for you."

Stiles just nodded and Derek started kissing him. He kissed back.

The werewolf went on top of Stiles and kissed his lips, his chin, and his neck. Stiles loves neck kisses and Derek's facial hair made it hotter.

Derek let Stiles on top and the former Sleeping Beauty showered kisses on his neck down to his collarbone. He helped Stiles out of his shirt and Stiles continued kissing Derek down his perfect abs. Just to tease Derek, he licked the werewolf's belly button.

Derek moaned.

"Fuck you..."

"Are you cursing me?!" Stiles stopped kissing Derek, sat on top of him, and crossed his arms, "I agreed to quench your thirst for a Sterek sex and you're cursing me?!"

"Just shut up and kiss me, okay?"

"No, Derek Hale, No." he gave him a glare.

"Well, if you won't kiss me," Derek managed to get on top of Stiles again, "I'll kiss you."

He then licked Stiles' collarbone and kissed his nipples and back to his neck, his right hand trying to unzip Stiles' jeans.

"Hey, w-wait!" Stiles pushed Derek off him, "I can do this, I can unzip my own pants, r-right? I mean, right?"

Derek gave him a strange look.

"I already saw you naked before, Stiles."

"I-I know that, duh!"

"Then why don't you want me to take your pants off? Why shy all of a sudden, Stiles? I know your dick is small but it's ok-."

"My dick is not small! Wow, that's insulting, Derek! Very, very insulting! Do you, even, really love me?!"

Derek giggled.

"I meant smaller than mine." Derek was still smiling, "And you know the answer to that."

Stiles took his pants off, "See, it's not small, Derek! It's pretty fine, actually!"

Derek giggled more and finally took his off too, "So? See what I'm talking about?"

Stiles stared at Derek's dick thinking, 'Oh my God, I think it's bigger now.' and gulped.

"So, have you figured out on how to train your dragon?"

Derek raised his left eyebrow.

"Nothing. Nevermind."

"Can we please stop talking like we're walking in the park and start with the real stuff?!"

Derek went down and started sucking Stiles' dick. He licked the tip and circled it whole with his tongue. He held Stiles' left thigh with his left hand while the other was holding the cock.

"Oh God, Oh God!" Stiles moaned, "Don't stop, Derek!"

"I won't, I'll never stop." Derek thought.

Derek licked the tip several times, like a Popsicle, before kissing Stiles' balls. Stiles loved it and pushed Derek's head harder. Derek continued sucking Stiles' dick, harder and faster.

"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

Derek stopped before Stiles' came and bent over him, such that Stiles' back is against his chest and gave him anal while still giving Stiles a job, but now, with his hand.

"Oh God! Oh God!" Stiles moaned, "This feels so freaking good, Oh God!"

"Umpph.." Derek kissed his neck, "I love you, I love you.."

"Aghhhh!"

"Mmmm.."

"Oh God," Derek moaned, "I'm coming, I'm coming!"

Stiles stood up then went down to suck Derek's hardened dick.

"Oh God, Stiles!" Derek said as he pushed Stiles head over and over again.

Stiles circled it with his tongue, like Derek did to his.

Derek came out in Stiles' mouth and he swallowed.

Breathing heavily, Stiles said, "You taste good, Derek Hale." then he bent towards him and gave Derek a long rough kiss.

Derek went on top and continued kissing Stiles.

"Use your tongue more." He commanded.

"Oh okay."

The two kissed until they're barely breathing.

Derek sat up and laid down beside Stiles, his hand on the side of his head and his elbow supporting his weight, "So?"

"Oh God..." he said panting, "wait, let me breathe."

"How..." Derek was blushing, "do you feel now?"

Silence. Stiles was just staring at the ceiling and Derek was staring right at him, waiting for his answer.

Stilinski's phone rang.

"Hello, Scott...Okayâ€|Uh-huhâ€|Okayâ€|In about 10 minutesâ€|Okay...I'll be thereâ€|bye."

Stiles put his shirt and pants on and kissed Derek on the forehead, "Well, let us figure this whole thing out tomorrow."

Stiles ran to the door and turned the knob, "Bye!"

"Bye!"

Thud. The door closed, he's gone.

"I love you" | "

\* \* \*

><p>I apologize for wrong grammars and punctuation, if there are any.<p>

\*\*THIS IS FOR YOU SEAN I LOVE YA BABY\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

The morning started out great in the Stilinski household. Stiles made blueberry pancakes and brewed coffee, his Dad's favourite breakfast. Stiles thought of what happened between him and Derek yesterday, while enjoying his pancakes. Truth is, it's all he could think of last night before he got to sleep.

When Sheriff Stilinski didn't go down for their breakfast, Stiles had a bad hunch that something was not right so he left the house and went straight to the Sheriff Station. When he got there, the Sheriff gave him the 'follow-me-in-my-office' look, and so he did.

"What happened, Dad?" his hands on the Sheriff's table.

"Look at this," he showed Stiles a police report, "This is Leon Striano, 30 years old, see that?" the Sheriff pointed the victim's thigh in the picture, "his skin is peeled away from his flesh, so" | "

"Jaguar, Were-Jaguar."

"I thought you already tamed Kate Argent?" the Sheriff asked.

"We did. But, she's probably on Miley Cyrus mode again and she can't be tamed." Stiles joked.

"I don't get it at all, Son, but okay." he sat on his chair by his desk, "Go find Scott and tell the rest about this. I don't want another mischief caused by Kate Argent, is that clear?"

"Yes, Dad." he nodded.

Stiles rode his jeep to Beacon Hills High School.

The first thing he saw was Malia getting her stuff from her locker while peeking through her locker door and glancing at Scott and Kira.

"Hey!" Stiles greeted and tapped Malia's back.

"God, you scared me." she said without much of expression in her face and shot her glance back to Scott and Kira.

"Really?!" he said sarcastically, "Come on, we both know you sensed I was coming, thanks to your supernatural senses."

Stiles looked at where Malia was shooting her glances.

"I hate you, you know?!" Stiles said.

"What?" she closed her locker and started walking, "Why?"

"Because Miss Were-Coyote," he walked with her, "you're still faking it, stop faking it!"

"Faking what?!" Malia raised an eyebrow.

"I know you like Kira, you know you like Kira, stop faking it for Pete's sake!" he rolled his eyes, "I didn't break up with you so that you can torture yourself with all these, these, Scira feels, you know!"

"What's Scira?" Malia asked.

"It's a ship name for Scott and Kira, you know, ships? loveteams?" he looked at Malia, she didn't know what Stiles was talking about and she was just listening for the sake of listening, "Whatever, never mind. My point is, stop fooling yourself, you know you like Kira. Tell her before your chest explodes with all that love."

"I'll do that when you finally figure out how you feel about my cousin." Malia shot back, grinning.

"Wow, good come back, Malia. That's progress, remind me to give you a gold star later." he rolled his eyes.

"I was kidding!" She clung to Stiles' arm, "I know you had sex yesterday, though."

"WHAT?! Derek told you?"

"No." Malia sneered, "Thanks for the confirmation, though."

"You're such a bitch, you know? A bitch of an ex were-coyote girlfriend!"

"I love you too, Stiles!" Malia kissed Stiles' cheeks. The two had a smooth break up and became the best of friends after Malia confessed that she's gay for Kira. Stiles didn't get mad, he understood, probably because at that time, Derek confessed too.

"So I was thinking, is being gay in the blood of Hales? Don't tell me your dad is gay too!" Stiles joked and they both giggled as they went near Scott and Kira.

"Hey Stiles!" Scott greeted.

"Morning, Malia!" Kira flashed a smile and Malia tried hard not to blush.

The Ginger Goddess went through the Beacon Hills High School door with her beautifully braided locks and perfect lips. Lydia was wearing a peter pan collared dress and a carnation pink wedge and the banshee looked stunning as always.

"Morning, what's up?" Lydia smiled, "What's this meeting all about?"

"Something happened." Stiles said, "Last night, a victim was attacked; his skin was peeled off his flesh. It was Kate's doing."

"No! It can't be." Malia exclaimed, "I was with her last night."

"This probably happened before or after you're with her, Malia." Stiles explained.

"We should go to Derek's loft later, after class." Scott suggested, "Does he already know?"

"I don't know, maybe. I haven't told him yet." Stiles answered.

Scott texted Derek and when he looked up, he saw Allison smiling at him, walking towards their direction with Isaac.

"Hey guys." Isaac greeted.

Boyd and Erica came and Stiles told them what happened to Leon Striano. They all agreed to meet up later and go to Derek's loft to ask for his help in taming Kate.

It was a normal day at school. After same old chemistry lessons and French class, Allison, Isaac, Boyd, and Erica went to the Argent house to tell Chris about Kate while the rest of the pack went to Derek's.

Stiles came in first.

"You're here-," Derek stopped when he saw the rest, "You're all here, why are you here?"

"Kate attacked someone last night." Scott said.

"That sociopathic bitch is back to business." Lydia added.

"No I'm not."

They all looked to where the voice came from; it was Kate, leaning against the door, looking all sexy in her leather jacket.

"I did it to protect Malia." Kate started to explain, "We were in a bar last night, that man was hitting on her and it made her feel uneasy so I walked her home. That drunk pervert followed us and I can tell that he's planning on raping Malia. Peter wasn't home and so I took charge. He was hot for a rapist so I wanted to do him but when I licked him, his skin peeled off. Disadvantages of a Sex Freak with a Jaguar's tongue, I guess."

"See, I told you." Malia told Stiles and Kate winked at her.

"Good then." Derek said.

"Not really." Stiles said, "Don't do that again, Kate."

"Yes, Sleeping Beauty." Kate answered.



"What did you just call me?!" Stiles raised an eyebrow.

"I think she called you Sleeping Beauty." Kira said, trying not to laugh.

"Where did that come from, bitch?!" he blurted.

"Do you really want me to answer that? Do you?" Kate teased.

"Stop it." Derek tried to hide his reddening cheeks, "Stop this non-sense. You can all go now."

"I'm just glad you're on your word, Kate." Scott said, "Thank you."

Kate just smiled and the pack went off. She stayed and sat on Derek's couch.

"I told you to go! Why didn't you go?!" Derek shouted.

"I heard my name so I went back. I gotta hear what people are saying about me." Kate answered.

"But was the Sleeping Beauty necessary?!" Derek sat beside her, "What the hell was that, Kate! Damn you!"

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry okay!" she giggled.

"Remind me to never share my sexcapades with you anymore, okay."

"But!" Kate pouted, "That's so cruel of you Derek! You know I breathe your sexcapades with Stiles. You two gays give me life."

"Stiles is not gay." Derek bit his lip.

"I'm telling you, he is."

"He's not."

"He is."

"HE'S NOT."

"HE FUCKING IS."

"HE'S FUCKING NOT."

"FUCK YOU, DEREK. YOU KNOW HE'S ALSO GAY FOR YOU. STOP IT. PLEASE. STOP THE PITY PARTY." Kate stood up, "Stiles likes you, and you know it. He's just in denial."

Derek didn't say anything. Silence.

"You know what, later baby." Kate turned to the door, "I need to go to my other gay Hale, and at least that gay is more confident than you."

"Another gay Hale?"

"Malia." Kate blew a kiss, "Bye, Handsome!"

Derek went to the Stilinski's and looked for Stiles. The Sheriff was home but Stiles wasn't. He tried the McCall's but he wasn't there, nor Scott. Melissa was home alone.

He called Lydia and she said that Stiles was at Danny's party, they all were.

When he got to Danny's place, he saw Stiles in a red and grey sweater dancing all sexy with Danny. The werewolf got jealous and pulled Stiles away from the crowd.

"What was that?!" Derek asked in a very serious and jealous tone.

"What was what?" Stiles shot back.

"You were all over Danny, Stiles."

"My God, are you jealous?!" he combed his hair with his hand, "I danced with him, so what? It's his birthday!"

"You've never danced with me before."

"Is that it?!" Stiles grabbed Derek's back just above his waist and sexy danced, "Is this what you want? Oh this? And this?"

"Stop!" Derek pushed him away, "You're so stupid."

"No, you're stupid. Why are you even here?!" Stiles crossed his arms.

"You told me we're gonna figure it out today."

"Ohhâ€¦thatâ€¦"

"You forgot?" there's sadness in Derek's eyes.

"No, I didn't I-." Stiles was telling the truth. Of course he didn't, how could he forget about it? He was probably just avoiding it.

"You forgot." he turned away, hands in his pocket, "Never mind."

"It's not my fault, okay!" Stiles said.

"What?!" Derek turned back, "So is it my fault that you're in denial?! You're really, really fucking stupid Stiles!"

"Stop it, Derek! Not here!"

"No, I'm done listening to you. It's not my fault you're still bi-curious!" Derek said in a loud voice, almost growling, "You're torturing not just me," he poked Stiles' shoulder, "but you're also torturing yourself! One day when you finally figure out you want me, I'll just laugh at you, like what you're doing to me right now!"

Derek turned away; he didn't want Stiles to see the beads of tears

building up in his eyes. He breathed deep and started to walk away while Malia and Erica came.

"What about us, Derek?" Stiles asked.

Derek stopped walking and said, "There's no us, Stiles."

Stiles also started to tear, "FINE. I NEVER SAID THAT I LOVE YOU ANYWAY."

"YOU KNOW WHAT, FINE." Derek turned back, "I'LL LEAVE YOU FOR GOOD. THAT WAS THE DEAL RIGHT?" then he walked away.

Stiles bit his lip as he started shedding tears. Malia and Erica came closer and gave him a warm hug.

### 3. Chapter 3

Malia and Erica walked Stiles home.

"Oh my God." Erica squeaked.

"Shh!" Malia whispered, "Shut up!"

"Sorry!" she mouthed and made a peace sign.

Malia sat beside Stiles and gave him a short hug and a kiss on the forehead. He just smiled for a bit and leaned on Malia's shoulder.

"So," Erica sat on the other side of the bed and held Stiles' hand, "do you wanna talk about it, Batman?"

"Well, okay," Stiles finally snickered, "Pussywoman, fine, Catwoman, I think Derek is in love with me."

"What the fuck, Stiles!" Malia gave a slight punch on his shoulder, "you guys have sex and you 'think' he's in love with you?!"

"Wait, WHAT?!" Erica widened her eyes, "What the fuck! Why didn't you guys tell me?! He's my alpha, you know!"

"Can you please lower down your voices you supernatural bitches?!" Stiles said, "My father could be hearing you!"

"Stiles is gay, Erica." Malia said.

"I'M NOT GAY!" Stiles explained, "How many times do I have to tell you that, Malia?! You're the one who's gay for Kira!"

"Wait, WHAT? You're gay for Kira?!" Erica covered her mouth, "Oh my gosh."

Malia bit her lip, "Well," she sighed, "Yes, I like her. Like, really, really like. Like, like like."

"Wow," Erica breathed deep, "That's, that's amazing, Malia. I'm proud of you, girl." she smiled.

"Thanks." Malia smiled back.

"So, you," Erica turned to Stiles, "What about you? Are you gay?"

"He is." Malia butted in, "Stiles is just in the in denial stage right now."

"In that case," Erica leaned closer to Stiles, "let me help you figure it out."

The she wolf kissed him. Erica sat on his lap and devoured Stiles. She helped his hands through her breasts and when Stiles got a hold of it, he pushed her.

"What the hell!" Erica touched her back, "OUCH."

Malia helped her up while trying not to laugh. Erica sat back beside Stiles.

"Hun, you're gay." Erica affirmed, "Well, I understand. I kissed Derek once and I gotta say his lips areâ€", " Stiles was giving her a glare, "nothing. I'm zipping it."

"I don't know," he sighed, "I, I just, I. Is it bad, that, that I have feelings for him? Like, I keep telling myself that this isn't me. That, I'm not supposed to feel this." tears started building up his eyes again, "I, I don't know. What will Scott think? What will my dad think? What will all of them think of me? I admit it, I'm torturing myself. I'm making my brain think that I don't like him, but my heart says it does. We made out several times, and, and, they're all magical. Whenever he says he loves me, I don't know what to say. I'm always speechless. I'm just hoping he feels it."

Stiles sobbed. The girls were listening to his every word, Malia was trying not to shed a tear, she also felt this, she also went through the in denial stage. And she knows it sucks. It's confusing.

"I don't know. I'm scared." he continued, "What if, what if Derek is just playing with me? What if he gets tired of me? What if he leaves me when I finally tell him I feel the same way?"

"He won't," Malia said, "Derek would never do that to you. Trust me; he's truly madly deeply in love with you, Stiles. Whenever Peter isn't home, and it's just us, he always asks about you. He cares about you, a lot."

"But, what would Scott think of me? What would they think of me? If they find out I'm gayâ€|"

"Then screw them, Stiles." Erica blurted, "If they're your real friends, they'd accept you. And judging on Scott, he will. Your best friend loves you so much. We all love you. I mean, who wouldn't love Stiles right?" she gave a smile, "Gay, straight, or bi, you're Stiles, our Stiles."

The Sheriff knocked on Stiles' door, "Stiles, dinner is ready. Why don't you girls join us? I bought steak from The Diner." he noticed his son's eyes, "Son, are you crying?"

"Yes, yes, dad." he wiped his eyes, "Malia just broke up with me."

"What -."

"She," Stiles pinched Malia, "just broke up with me." Stiles didn't mention it to his dad before. He thought that he'd ask too much, she's his first girlfriend after all.

"Oh my God." Mr Stilinski said, "I, I don't know what to say, son. I'm, I'm sorry to hear that."

"Nah, it's okay." Stiles said, "We're, you know, kinda not feeling it anymore, we're-."

"I'm gay." Malia interrupted.

"Oh," The Sheriff said, "If that's the case then, I'm glad you two are fine. I'm proud of you two showing maturity."

"Thanks, Dad."

"No problem," he nodded, "So, yeah, I'll wait for you kids downstairs." before leaving , Sheriff Stilinski flashed Malia a smile, "I'm proud of you, sweetie."

'Thank you so much.' she thought and just nodded.

"So, I want me some steak before meeting up with Boyd." Erica stood up, "Come on you gays!"

"By the way," Stiles said, "What are you two? Are you and Boyd together?"

"No, not really," she answered, "but I think we're getting there. I know Boyd has feelings for me. And I know I'm sexy."

"Wow, so confident." Malia chuckled.

"Of course, I'm Fergie." Erica winked.

The three of them laughed and went down to eat dinner with Sheriff Stilinski. After a delicious meal, Erica went off to meet with Boyd and Malia went home. Stiles got ready for bed and went to sleep.

When Stiles woke up, his eyes were still a bit sore but it's not that noticeable unlike last night. He wore his long sleeved, dark grey, V-neck and rode his jeep to school.

Erica, Malia and Stiles spent Mr Yukimura's history class passing a piece of paper.

\_E: So, talked to Derek yet?\_

\_S: Nope. You were with us last night right? I'm sure he doesn't wanna talk to me. \_

\_E: Malia, did Derek say anything to you? \_

\_M: Well, nope. He's actually all gloomy and didn't eat breakfast with us. My da-, Peter, talked with him last night though. I don't know what they talked about, I didn't listen. It's kind of a rule in the house now, no eavesdropping." \_

\_S: He has the right to get mad at me. I mean, I'm mad at me too.\_

\_M: Stop it, Stiles. Wait, what did Mr Yukimura say? Wait, oh gosh, he might call me, I gotta read about that president thing again. Wait.\_

\_E: Yeah, stop it. It's totally natural, you know, the in denial phase of this whole gay thing. And, it takes time to figure out how you feel about someone.\_

\_S: Thanks, Erica. Really, thank you so, so much. I love you, well not the way Boyd does, but I love you and I hope you know that.

\_

\_E: I love you too, Batman. I'm always here for you and Malia.\_

\_M: I love you too, guys. Thanks for accepting me for who I really am.\_

"Erica! Stiles! Malia!" Mr Yukimura called, "Would you like to share your thing with the class?"

They all looked at them. Lydia gave Malia an is-there-something-wrong look and she mouthed 'Nothing.'

"Believe me; you wouldn't wanna hear about it." Erica joked, "Oops, sorry, Mr Yukimura."

Mr Yukimura sighed, "Anyway, that's first warning, you three."

"Yes, Sir." they nodded.

During break time, the pack sat together except for Scott, Allison and Isaac. They were left with Mr Yukimura to discuss some stuff.

Stiles, Kira, and Malia sat next to each other, while Lydia, Erica and Boyd were at the other side of the table.

"So, what was that in history class?" Kira asked.

"Nothing," Malia answered, "The three of us were just talking about, about-."

"Tonight," Erica continued for Malia, "We're having a girl's night."

Stiles coughed.

"A girls and a boy's night, we're having a girls and a boy's night." Erica corrected, "Wanna join us?"

"I thought we're going out tonight?" Boyd turned to Erica.

"Well, I think we have to cancel, Boyd." Erica took a bite of her apple, "Chicks before dicks."

"So, Lydia, are you coming?" Stiles asked.

"Of course, I'm in!" Lydia smiled, "What am I bringing?"

"We can just hit Stiles' fridge." Erica said.

"I'm sorry guys, I can't." Kira said, making Malia sad, "I'm training with my mom."

"Oh, there's always next time, Kira." Stiles said.

"I'll just be joining Isaac and Derek's training then." Boyd said.

Stiles freaked out when Boyd mentioned Derek's name. He thought, 'Oh, Derek is training tonight. I wonder what they're gonna do. I wonder what he's doing right now. Where could he be at the moment?'

"Bye." Erica kissed Boyd on the cheek before riding Stiles' jeep.

Lydia's in front seat beside Stiles, Malia and Erica were at the back. As soon as they reached the Stilinski's house, they went straight to Stiles' room.

"So, what's happening?" Lydia snapped, "What, really, is happening?"

"What do you mean what really is happening?" Malia asked.

"I know there's something going on, you know." Lydia said, "I'm a banshee. I can feel it. I just don't know what it is."

Silence. No one answered her. No one knew how and what to answer Lydia. Erica wasn't in the position to tell her that Stiles and Malia are gays, Malia didn't know if Lydia would like to hear that she's a lesbian, And Stiles, of course he wouldn't wanna say it out loud, in front of Lydia. She's still Lydia fucking Martin, his ultimate crush since 3rd grade.

"So, is anyone gonna tell me?" Lydia broke the silence, "I came here for that. Allison and I were supposed to do biology homework tonight, and I chose you, guys."

"Well," Malia said, whispering.

"Lydia," Stiles butted in, "what if, what if Scott is gay, would you accept him?"

"You don't need to ask that, of course yes, Stiles. He's my friend, that's what friends are for." Lydia sat beside Malia, "Wait, is Scott gay?! Oh my gosh, maybe that's why Kira didn't wanna join us."

"No he isn't. I was just giving an example."

"So, are you gay?" Lydia said emphasizing 'you'.

Stiles gulped.

"I am." Malia interrupted and looked straight into Lydia's eyes, "I'm, I'm gay, Lydia."

"I'm here for you, Malia." Lydia squeezed her hand and gave her a hug, "I'm here to support you, always, honey."

Malia hugged her back.

"I think I could also use a hug too, Lyds." Stiles said, and with that, Lydia also knew about Stiles. He didn't need to say the exact words. She just knew. It wasn't because she's a banshee, it was because she loves Stiles and she always will. He is her best guy friend. Well, now, her best gay friend.

"And I fucked Derek." Stiles bit his lip.

"WAIT, OH MY GOD. WHAT!"

"Welcome to the club." Erica snickered.

"WHEN DID THIS HAPPEN?" Lydia shook Stiles.

"You mean those happen." Malia giggled.

"OH MY GOD, AND IT WAS NOT A ONE TIME THING." she pinched Stiles, "YOU SNEAKY ASS!"

"Well, can we not talk about the sex please?" Stiles blushed, "You're grossing me out. I don't wanna talk about my sex life with Derek Hale. Well, the sex life we had."

"Why 'had'? What happened?" Lydia asked.

Stiles told Lydia everything, from Derek's confession to the fight. And while listening to every word Stiles said, Lydia felt proud of Stiles coming out to her. It made her love him more.

"Well," Lydia held Stiles' hand and put it on his chest, near his heart, "This banshee says that you should follow your heart, always in all ways."

And with that, Stiles knew what to do.

"Thanks, Lyds!" he kissed her on the forehead, "I love you, I love you!"

He put his shoes on and ran downstairs. He's finally confronting Derek. He's finally gonna tell him how he really feels.

When Stiles opened the door, he was there. Derek Hale was standing outside their house.

"I was gonna get this back to you, Stiles." Derek handed his lacrosse stick, "you left it in my room the other night."

Without even saying 'Thank you', Stiles pulled Derek for a kiss but the werewolf pulled away.



"What was that, Stiles?!" Derek wiped his lips.

"I, I know I screwed up." he held his face, feeling the werewolf's facial hair with his thumb, "but I love you, Derek Hale. I will love you forever."

"I don't know, Stiles." Derek backed away from him, "Maybe, you're too late."

The werewolf took off leaving the non-supernatural Stiles on a cold night.

#### 4. Chapter 4

The Hale House was as silent as a child in his deepest sleep. Derek was silently munching on his froot loops in milk, Malia was figuring out if she should ask about Stiles and Peter was busy with his phone texting Des, a nurse he likes from where Melissa works.

It's been 2 days since that incident in the Stilinski's house. Derek was back to being a grumpy cat.

"So, Derek," Malia gulped, "how are you&|you and Stiles?"

Derek just shot her a glance, as usual, there's not much emotion on his face, and continued eating his breakfast.

"C-can we please talk?" Malia pleaded, "I'm worried&| about Stiles. My best friend is hurt because of you."

"What about me?!" Derek finally spoke, trying not to growl, "I'm your cousin, Malia!"

"You hurt Stiles, Derek!"

"WHAT ABOUT MY FEELINGS?!" he bellowed.

"Woah, you two!" Peter finally took his eyes off of his phone, "What the hell is happening? What did I miss?"

"Peter, Did you know that Malia," Derek said, "Your daughter-."

"No, Derek, Please." Malia was trying hard not to cry. She didn't want Peter to know she's a lesbian. Well, not now. If Peter's gonna find out, she wanted it to come from her.

"What?!"

"Your daughter," Derek looked into Malia's eyes, "Malia, Malia got a B on her history test yesterday."

"Really?" Peter squeezed Malia's arm, "I'm proud of you, sweetie. Good job and keep it up!"

Malia gulped and pulled her tears back, "Thanks, Peter."

Derek stood up and went to his room. Malia followed and knocked.

"Derek?" she said, "May I come in?"

The door opened and she went inside.

"I'm, I'm sorry, Derek." Malia closed the door, "I'm sorry I didn't think about your feelings. I'm sorry I was always on Stiles' side when you needed someone too."

"It's okay, Malia." he sat on his bed.

"No, Derek, it's not." she sat beside her cousin, "from now on, I'm here for you."

"Thanks." he finally smiled, "I'm sorry about earlier. I'm sorry I almost told Peter about you."

"How did you know anyway? Am I too obvious? Or did Stiles tell you?"

"Kate did."

"Oh yeah, Kate." she breathed deep, "I was thinking. I think, maybe, maybe I should tell Peter. The sooner the better right, I mean, he's the only one in the house who doesn't know. And, he's my, my-."

"-father."

"Yupp." she nodded, "will you come with me?"

"Of course, Malia."

The day went fast and came the Friday night. Danny invited the girls and Stiles to a bar.

The Ginger Goddess let her locks flow down her shoulders. Lydia screams 'HOT' in her strappy black dress and wore pumps. Erica rocked a leather shorts and crop top that says 'SEXY'. Allison wore a bralette and topped it with a leather jacket. Malia looked like a hot lesbian in the spiked shorts Lydia gave her. Kira looked cute in her black long sleeved shirt tucked in her red checkered skirt. And Stiles looked cool in his maroon jeans.

The six of them started dancing to Lady Gaga.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-ohh! Caught in a bad romance!" Lydia started while jumping with the lights.

The girls laughed and joined the banshee.

"RAH-RAH-AH-AH-AH ROMA-ROMA-MA-AH GAGA OHH-LALA!" Erica sang while dancing with her rawr hands, imitating Lady Gaga.

"WANT YOUR BAD ROMANCE!" Kira sang and Malia smiled at her.

Stiles was just dancing with his girls.

"I WANT YOUR LOVE AND I WANT YOUR REVENGE YOU AND ME COULD WRITE A BAD ROMANCE OOOH!" they sang in chorus.



should do this more often, guys!"

"YES, OH MY GOD!" Erica jumped, "THIS IS SUPER FUN!"

"Oh my gosh," Kira gave Malia a short hug, "Wow, you dance great, Malia! That was awesome. We were awesome!"

Malia blushed. Stiles winked at her.

"Uhh, my feet hurt from all the jumping!" Lydia said, "Why did I wear these evil heels?!"

When Erica and Stiles got drunk, they drove them to the Stilinski's house. The girls stayed for a sleepover, it was a Friday night after all.

"Rah-rah-rah-." Erica hiccupped, "Roma-roma-ma ahh!"

"Shut up, Erica," Stiles chuckled and wrapped her with his thigh in bed, "You're drunk, Pussywoman."

"No," Lydia corrected, laughing, "You're both drunk, Stiles."

"Bah! I'm not drunk, Lyds."

Stiles woke up with his room full of females looking cute and sexy while sleeping but he didn't feel anything down under. He thought, 'Yupp, I am gay.'

He checked his dad's room and he wasn't there. He was probably already at the Sheriff Station. Stiles went downstairs and peeled a banana. He was hungry; he didn't eat dinner last night. All he had was alcohol.

"What are you eating?" Lydia came.

"Everything except Derek's dick." he bit half of the banana and swallowed it.

"Well at least, that banana is shaped like one." Lydia sat beside him.

"It's half the size of Derek's though."

"Oh my God," Lydia covered her ears, "Shut up. No, we're not talking about his bratwurst early in the morning."

"GOOD MOOOORNING!" Erica came down and the others followed.

"Who want's coffee?" Stiles stood up and got mugs, "or hot chocolate? or tea? milk? juice? anyone?"

"Tea!" Malia and Kira said in chorus and giggled.

Stiles and Lydia made pancakes for everyone. They had breakfast and laughs in the dining room.

"So Stiles," Allison sipped coffee from her mug, "How are you and Derek?"

"Yeah," Kira said, "Allison, Scott, Boyd, Isaac and I are kinda left out, we just found out about you and Derek yesterday."

"We haven't talked in days." Stiles said, eating his pancake.

"No sex too." Erica added and drank her orange juice.

"Wow, thanks, Erica." he said sarcastically.

"No problem!" she winked.

"Why don't you go talk to him in our house?" Malia suggested, "Right now, before he meets with Boyd and Isaac."

"I don't know." he drank his coffee.

"Go, Stiles." Allison said, "The sooner you talk to him, the better."

"But, what if, he won't-."

"He'll talk to you, Stiles." Lydia interrupted, "Derek loves you right?"

"Loved me. I don't know if he still does." Stiles sighed, "I screwed up, okay."

"Just do what your heart says." Kira gave an assuring smile and Malia noted what she said. The were-coyote thought, 'What if I do what my heart says and tell her I like her?'

"But-."

"JUST GO STILES!" they all burst out.

"OKAY! OKAY!" he backed away from the girls, "CALM DOWN!"

He went to his room fast and looked for his jeep's key but he couldn't find it. One of the girls probably misplaced his keys last night so he called a cab and went to the Hale House.

Stiles didn't move in the backseat. He was just waiting for him to come out. When Derek went out the door, he saw Stiles in the cab and moved closer to him.

"How long have you been here?" Derek asked.

"Uhh, 16 dollars long," Stiles looked at the cab meter, "Oh wait, 17."

Stiles paid the cab and it took off.

"Can you please stay away from me?" Derek growled.

"No, please, hear me out!" Stiles moved closer, "You're my bad romance, Derek Hale!"

"What the hell are you talking about, Stiles?!"

"You know, the song," he explained, "I want your love, Derek."

"Stop it." he turned back and started walking to the house, "Go away, Stiles."

"I don't wanna be friends, Derek!" Stiles exclaimed, "I really, really think that I love you!"

"Think?!" Derek snapped and turned to Stiles, "You think you love me?! Oh my God, Stiles. Go away, JUST GO AWAY! Find me when you know and not just think you love me!"

"No wait! Make love with me, Derek! And if this doesn't work, I'll leave you, for good."

"If you miss me sucking the crap out of you, go to Lydia or Malia or maybe Erica. I don't know, just fucking leave me alone!"

Derek slammed the door shut and leaned on the wall, breathing heavily, biting his lip and pulling his tears back.

## 5. Chapter 5

"What the hell, Derek?!" Kate climbed up Derek's window, "What are you doing to yourself?"

Kate caught Derek eating Ben & Jerry's in his room. There were already 2 empty cups on the floor.

"Is that your werewolf belly, or your broken heart?"

Instead of shooting Kate his grumpy cat look, Derek's eyes started tearing up.

"Oh no, no, no, sweetie!" Kate jumped to his bed and hugged him, "Shhh, don't do this to me, Derek. Don't you cry you ass, Shhh. What the hell are you doing with those ice creams though?! Do you want your gut to get big and say goodbye to your wonderland of a body?"

"Shut up." Derek wiped his tears and got to smile a bit, "you're the one who told me that eating ice cream helps."

"But not tons of them, loser." she sighed and got up, "Come on, we need to get you an actual, breathing Ben and Jerry."

"What do you mean?" Derek ate a spoonful of Chocolate Therapy.

"You're still available and you gotta let the market know." Kate winked and pulled Derek, "Now, come on! Stop bawling and start crawling on another man's bed."

"I don't know, Kate"

"Bah!" she pouted and let him go, "I don't get you. I don't get this whole love thing."

"Don't you, Kate?" Peter barged in, "You may be a sociopathic bitch, but I know you can love. Remember Ale-."

"SHUT UP!" she growled.

"Okay, okay!" Peter let out a chortle and turned to Derek, "Aren't you done locking yourself up and crying like a child, Derek? Is this a gay thing? Oh my God, is my daughter like this too when it comes to the kitsune?!" Peter showed fatherly concern on his face.

After Kate convinced Derek to get his lovely ass off his bed and get a life, he went to his pack and had training. After a session of tiring punches and kicks and blows(not that blow okay), he drove his betas home.

"So, Derek," Isaac said turning to the driver's seat, "uhhâ€¦Stilesâ€¦"

His alpha gave him 'The Look'.

"Ohh," Isaac bit his lip and Derek took his glare off his beta, "it's okay, it's okay. I'll probably just ask later."

Derek turned his glare back to Isaac.

"O-or, or, never." Isaac gulped, "Never sounds great."

"No." Erica butted in, "We need to talk about this, Derek. Now."

"Erica," Boyd said, "I don't think this is a good idea."

"But!" Erica exclaimed, "It's hard for me too, you know? You're my alpha, Derek! Stiles, Stiles is a friend of mine. He's an amazing friend of mine! You think, maybe it's time to work it out? I don't like seeing both of you hurt."

"Shut up, Erica!" Isaac said.

"Shut up, Isaac." she crossed her arms, "We have to help them figure out how they're gonna work it out. They just keep on hurting themselves emotionally. Besides-."

"Erica," Boyd held her hand, "Please, don't."

"I read somewhere that girls are very noisy, like, they won't stop talking and minding other people's businesses." Derek snapped, "Studies say it's because females have two mouths, one on the head and one between their legs."

"Yupp," Isaac chuckled, "I'm glad I didn't have a vagina. Which reminds me, Derek, do you find me, like, you know, attractive?"

"You're not my type."

"Wow," Isaac tapped Derek's arm, "You're so straight to the point. AND, you have a type."

"Stiles is Derek's type." Erica snickered.

"Can you three please not mention his name, please?" Derek

begged.

"I never said Stiles' name-." Boyd covered his mouth and Derek glared at him, "Sorry."

"Thank you, Boyd." Derek said sarcastically.

When the next day came, Erica went to school early. Her mouth was itching; she needed to tell Stiles that they had a talk about him. Maybe Derek was right about girls having two mouths.

"Hey!" Erica greeted and sat beside Malia in the Beacon Hills High School Cafeteria. Stiles and Scott were across them, "Stiles, oh my gosh, we talked about you yesterday."

Stiles almost spit the apple juice he was drinking, "WHAT DID HE SAY?!"

"Well, he didn't say much." Erica explained, "But I can tell he's also thinking about you."

"Really?" he smiled.

"Anyway, damn those boys!" Erica snarled, "I was in a car full of testosterone all ganging up on me."

Scott, Stiles and Malia's jaws dropped and stared at Erica.

"NOT LIKE THAT!" her eyes widened, "OMG NOT LIKE THAT! THAT'S SO GROSS, GUYS."

"WHAT'RE WE SUPPOSED TO THINK?!" Stiles burst out, "YOU SAID TESTOSERONES WERE GANGING UP ON YOU!"

"NEVER MIND." Erica bit an apple as red as her lips.

"So, going back," Stiles turned to Scott holding index cards, "Incongruous?"

"Absurd!" Malia burst out.

"Wow, good job, Malia." Scott smiled at the werecoyote.

"Progress." Stiles winked at her and gave thumbs up.

"Hmm.." Stiles shuffled the cards, "Aha! Ephemeral?"

"Mmmâ€|" Scott examined his arm, "lasting for a very short time. Like my tattoo."

"Aww," Stiles patted Scott's shoulder, "Sorry about that, bro."

"What tattoo?" Erica asked.

"I had a tattoo last night, but it healed." Scott responded, "I was thinking, that maybe, maybe Derek can help me get one? He got the triskelion on his back."

They all stared at Stiles.



"WHAT?"

"But I'd like to have your permission first." Scott told Stiles.

"I'm not Derek, Scott." he sipped from his juice box, "Go ask him."

"I mean, with this thing going on between you two, you know?"

"It's okay."

"Will you come with me?"

After school, Scott and Stiles went to the Hale House with Malia. The werecoyote joined her dad in the living room to talk about family matters and the boys went to Derek's room. Scott asked Derek for the tattoo.

"So," Derek lit the blowtorch, "two bands right?"

"Yupp." Scott nodded.

"Can I go now?" Stiles asked and started walking away, "I'm not really a fan of this tattoo burning thing."

"Wait." Derek held Stiles wrist and immediately let it go, "Sorry, uhh. Stay, hold him down."

"I, uhh, o-okay!" Stiles held Scott down, blushing.

"This will hurt." Derek said and started drawing on Scott's arm.

Scott growled and passed out because of the extreme pain.

"Oh my God, is Scott okay?!" Stiles asked, worrying.

"He is. He's just in pain." Derek continued drawing the bands.

"I'm in pain." Stiles said and the two of them looked at each other.

"Shut up." Derek went back to drawing the tattoo.

"Derek, we need to talk."

"Shut up."

"Please."

"I'm gonna use this blowtorch on you."

"Come on!"

"I'm burning your penis."

"You can't." Stiles put his tongue out, "You love my penis so much."

"Shut up."

"DEREK."

"SHUT UP."

"UHHH."

"SHUT UP."

"BUT-."

"SHUT UP."

"DEREK-."

"SHUT UP."

"I-."

"SHUT UP."

"LET ME-."

"SHUT UP."

"UHH."

"SHUT UP."

"FINE!"

"OKAY."

"OKAY."

"SHUT UP."

"AGHHHHH!" Stiles broke.

Scott woke up sweating. The bands looked good on the werewolf.

"Thanks, Derek." Scott smiled.

"No problem." Derek answered, his arms at the back.

"So Derek-."

"Love you, Stiles."

"REALLY?!" Stiles' eyes widened with joy.

"No." Derek slammed the door on his face.

"YOU DON'T PLAY WITH PEOPLE'S FEELINGS LIKE THAT, DEREK!" Stiles banged the door, "HEY YOU, COME OUT HERE! COME OUT!"

Derek leaned on his door, laughing his sexy butt out.

End  
file.